

JUSTICE GRAY'S CARRIAGE.

The Boston Marshal Proved Himself Equal to the Emergency.

Attorney General Olney tells the following story about Mr. Justice Gray of the United States supreme court. Judge Gray professes to be a socialist and a radical, and is a cab man on a street car. When he first held court in Boston, he asked the United States marshal to provide him with a carriage to transport him from his hotel to the court and back to the hotel after the day's session. The marshal was considerably prompt and cheerful in complying with the wishes of the distinguished jurist. From Boston Judge Gray went to Providence to hold court. He asked the United States marshal there to provide him with a carriage to carry him back and forth. The marshal said he could not do so without paying for the vehicle out of his own pocket.

"Why, how's that?" exclaimed the astonished jurist.

"The department would not allow the account, and I'll have to pay it," explained the marshal.

"But the marshal at Boston furnished me with a carriage and had no trouble with his account," said Judge Gray.

"I don't see how he did it," protested the Providence marshal. "I know if I tried it that it in my accounts would be disallowed."

"Very well," said Judge Gray. "Of course I don't want you to pay for my carriage," and he paid it himself, and the incident closed so far as he was concerned.

Not so with the Providence marshal. He wrote to the Boston marshal and asked him how he had managed to have his charge for a carriage for Judge Gray's use between the hotel and courthouse allowed by the department.

"Easy enough," wrote the Bostonian in reply. "It's plain. I told him that you've not been marshal long. I provided Judge Gray with the carriage, and my account went through the department with no trouble. You see, I put the item of the judge's carriage under the head of 'care and transportation of prisoners.'"—Washington Post.

Architecture.

The remedy must begin with the foundation. The problems which I long endeavored to have put before the students in architecture while I was a director of the Institute of Technology consisted of the questions with which I was called upon to deal myself. I would make the problems given out to students in every school of architecture, to be solved by a student of power might be generated, or by a building place for the fuel from which the power might be derived.

To one pupil I would assign the layout of the land; to another the water supply and drainage; to another the construction of the principal factory; to another the construction of the lesser workshops; to another the grove and other shops; to another the house of the merchant; to another the separate dwellings; to others the Catholic and Protestant churches; to another the hospital, and to others the school houses. Here you have the real problems of American industrial life, scarcely one of which has yet been taught or solved in the right way, so as to combine true art with utility and safety.—Edward Atkinson.

The Kaiser as a Latin Student.

Emperor William's love of the use of Latin quotations—he is an excellent Latin scholar, due to the splendid training at the gymnasium of Cassel—was illustrated again recently in his telegram to the Berlin Regatta Wamsee society. "Navigare necesse est, vivere non nequit," wrote his majesty in the course of congratulatory words. The saying, it may be remembered, is that of Pompey, and is to be found in chapter 50 of Plutarch's biography.

In order to prevent a famine in Rome in the year 57 B. C., Pompey was empowered to import as much grain as possible to the city. He had 15 assistants. In order to assure the success of his work he went in person to Sicily, Sardinia and Africa. When on the point of returning home, a terrible storm broke forth, and the sailors refused to go to sea with the load of grain. Pompey sprang into one of the ships and commanded the anchors to be raised, adding: "It is necessary that we embark; it is not necessary that we live." This classical remark is engraved over the entrance to the famous "Schaffhausen" in Bremen.—New York Tribune.

Incandescent Lights.

People who use incandescent lights should always keep in mind the fact that there is danger even lurking about the brilliant little illuminators. It is an easy matter to explain without going into the technicalities of electricity. Of course you will say 50 or 100 volts will not do much harm, but don't be too sure of that, and particularly don't imagine that 50 or 100 volts is all your little wire will carry.

Sometimes the incandescent gets crossed with a high class of wire, and the result is expected by the electrician that the safety fuse will blow out and thus cut off the connections, but sometimes this fuse don't work. I could cite many instances in which it did not, and as a consequence disaster resulted. No matter how much care is taken to make the lights safe, there is always danger in fooling with lightning. Never attempt to turn on the light should the floor be wet, for a ground circuit is a deadly thing, and the body of the metal fixtures with one hand and then use the other to turn on the light. The precautions are easily observed.—Boston Transcript.

Her Escort.

A lady acquaintance of mine was left in the middle of a theatrical performance the other evening by her husband, who was called away suddenly. He promised to return for her at the end of the performance, or else to send an escort.

Well, he didn't return, and as the anxious woman—by the way, she is very tall—stood in the lobby looking about, the very smallest specimen of a messenger boy that she had ever seen approached her and said:

"Are you Mrs. —?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm to escort you home."

"Oh, no," was her response, "I've enough to do to take care of myself. I can't look after other people's children!"

And she called a cab—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

German Electors.

The title of elector is peculiarly German, being found in the same sense nowhere outside the limits of the German states. They were so called because in the thirteenth century seven princes, the king of Bohemia, the archbishops of Mainz, Trier and Cologne and the rulers of Brandenburg and Saxony and the Palatinate assumed the privilege of electing the emperor. An elector, elector, Bavaria, was admitted to the circle in 1618, and a ninth, Hanover, in 1692.

The Evidence of Friendship.

Yellow—I have come to you to ask you to do a friendly act for me. I know you are my friend and that I can rely on your friendship.

Brown—Yes—but—why have you such confidence in my friendship?

Y.—Because you are always poking your nose into my business. You would not do that, I'm sure, unless you took a deep interest in me.—New York Press.

His Dinner.

"I was travelling in Indiana," said the dramatist, "and in order to make several towns where I thought I could sell some goods I was obliged to drive about 40 miles. I went through some of the queerest little towns I had ever seen during that drive, for one of the queerest of the lot I stopped for dinner."

"The hotel was an ordinary frame house. The front room had a sort of a counter across one end, and the local postoffice was perched on that counter. There were two or three chairs scattered about, and a great sheet iron stove, big enough to take in the stump of a good sized tree, stood in the center of the room. The landlord told me to sit down in the office and took my team and stowed it away somewhere. When he returned, I asked him if I could get some dinner."

"I reckon," he said.

"Is it nearly ready?" I asked, for I was hungry as a bear.

"I reckon," he said again, and then he disappeared from sight.

"Half an hour later a good looking girl came out and said that dinner was ready. I followed her through a long hall into a little room at one end of the building, and she motioned me to a seat at a pine table which held a few dishes and which had no cloth. I sat down and she disappeared. I waited for 30 minutes and was just about to leave in disgust when the same girl came bustling into the room and took a stand behind my chair. 'Bean soup' she said in a persuasive voice.

"No, I said, 'I don't think I care for any bean soup.'"

"'Bean soup' she inquired again, still more persuasively.

"I don't want any," I replied shortly.

"Then dinner's over," she said, and with that she disappeared, and by Jove dinner was over, for no other person could I get to come near me, and I had to turn my team myself.—Buffalo Express.

Passports In Russia.

I traveled second class. On boarding the Russian train I observed that the passports were returned to my fellow passengers, but not to me, which caused me some anxiety. Finally a gentleman came in and handed me my passport. After a few minutes the same gentleman came again, accompanied by the conductor, and said to me in a commanding tone, "Your passport!" I answered as politely as possible that my passport had already been examined and stamped and asked why he wanted it a second time. Stepping up to me, the gentleman roared out as if he were drilling a fresh recruit from a village: "That's our business! Your passport!" I produced it without further remark.

My fellow passengers looked at me, as it seemed, with suspicion, and my own feeling was not much improved by the words of a Russian nobleman to me on a former visit: "Russia is a gigantic prison, where honest men must submit to be treated as criminals."

Two years previously I had written a book on the religious movement in Russia, which had been forbidden by the Russian censor, but I did not think my name could be on the list of suspicious or dangerous foreigners.

After about an hour the conductor handed me my passport. On examining it I could not discover that anything had been done to it beyond writing my name in Russian on it. An old German gentleman who had observed my anxiety said to me in a low and paternalistic tone, "In Russia you must never ask questions, nor make objections, nor worry yourself, but quietly submit and leave everything to God."—Cen tury.

A Desperate Attack.

A remarkable exhibition of "nerve" in shooting was given by Colonel Nightingale, a famous sportsman of India. He had got a running shot at a tiger from the back of his elephant, hitting him in the shoulder. The beast rushed away and made for some bushes 150 yards off, whence a man emerged. The tiger rushed at him and struck him down. "Nightingale and man were in a confused heap on the ground. At the risk of hitting the man the colonel fired and heard the ball strike a bone.

The tiger, with a roar, rolled off the man and plunged into a ravine. The colonel's bullet had carried off the lower jaw and fangs of the brute. No other shot would have saved the man, but without a jaw the tiger could not seize him. The man, who was dead and moving about the jungle, had only been scratched by the tiger's claws.—Youth's Companion.

Averted a Bank Run.

A story is told of how a bright teller averted a disastrous run on a bank in an Arkansas town. The president and cashier were both absent when the panic began, and there were only a few hundred dollars in the safe. The teller took several hundred sacks which had been made to hold \$1,000 each and had them filled with iron washers and nuts at a neighboring hardware store. He piled these sacks up behind him, placing the little money which he had in sacks on the top of the pile, and proceeded to pay checks as fast as presented. The depositors, seeing what they supposed was thousands of dollars, concluded they were unnecessarily alarmed, and the run came to an end.—Kansas City Times.

Songs of the Houseboats.

It was a grand sight to the small boys of Lexington to see the deckhands swarming along one at each end of a coal box and 50 men in line carrying coal to the bunkers of such boats as the F. X. Auberg, James H. Lucas, Polar Star and Clara, and as they were singing, hands clapping, and singing, and singing, or as they could in those days. The coal was carried about at night by the light of the pine knot fire, and the small boys sat around and caught the songs of a new song. The boys got their songs in those days from the circus and the steamboats. The "border boys" had but two ambitions—one was to cross the plains and be a "wagon boss," and the other to be a steamboat captain.—St. Louis Letter.

A Preference.

He was selling her dry goods. It was evident that her haughty, distant manner cut him to the quick.

"Excuse me, miss," he said as he stopped in the middle of a measurement of cloth, "but aren't you the young lady who promised to be a sister to me at Cape May?"

"It may be that I am," she answered freely.

"I wish you would take back that promise."

"Why?"

"Because I'd rather be a total stranger than a poor relation any day."—Washington Star.

It Started the Gold Fever.

The late General Beale is said to have brought the first specimen of gold from California to the east in 1848. He crossed through Mexico disguised as an English lieutenant—it was a dangerous place for Americans so soon after the war—and managed to get aboard the United States ship Saratoga, then lying off San Francisco, in command of Captain (afterward Admiral) Farragut. It was the report thus brought by General Beale that stimulated the gold fever all over the country.—Chicago Her ald.

He asked 3000 parrot if she wanted a cracker, but I could not quite make out her reply.

She—Polly speaks very indistinctly at times. Perhaps she was trying to say that she preferred chocolate.

He—Um! I'll bring a box next time and see.—Good News.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Hope.

Yes, death is at the bottom of the cup, And every one that lives should drink it up, And yet between the cup and the lip And the black less shore looks that bitter drop There swims enough good liquor, heaven knows.

To ease our hearts of all our other woes.

The bubbles rise in sunshine at the beam, That drop before we're woe, fear and dim; The quick, fumes spread and shape as such bright dreams.

That in the great delirium it seems As though by some soft light, if so we will, That drop untasted might be somehow spilled.

—W. D. Howells.

The Ant as an Engineer.

The poetry was delicious, and I wanted it myself.

So I put it in the pantry on the very lowest shelf.

And to keep it from the insects, those ants so red and small,

I made a river round it of molasses, best of all.

But the enemy approached it, all as hungry as could be,

And the captain, with his aid-de-camp, just skinned round to see

Whether they could find this river or should try some other plan,

And together with his comrades he around the liquid ran.

To his joy and satisfaction, after traveling around,

The place where the molasses was the narrowest he found;

Then again he recommenced, rushing forward and then back,

Till he spied some loosened plaster in the wall around a tack.

He divided then his forces, with a foreman for each squad,

And he marshaled the whole army and before him each and trail.

His directions all were given; to his chiefs he gave a call,

While he headed the procession as they marched off up the wall.

Every ant then seized his plaster, just a speck and nothing more,

And he climbed and tugged and carried till he'd brought it to the shore;

Then they built their bridge, just working for an hour or so,

After which they all marched over and all fell to eating pie.

—St. Nicholas.

The Saint and the Sinner.

Heaven and earth were the woman sat, Her baby sleeping across her knee,

And the work her fingers were telling at seemed a pitiful task for such as she—

Mending shoes for the little feet That pattered over the cabin floor.

While the bells of the Sabbath day rang sweet And the neighbors passed by the open door.

The children played, and the baby slept, And the busy needle went and came,

Which, lo! on the threshold there stood a priest, a figure and nameless.

"What shrift is this for the Sabbath day, When bells are ringing and far and near

The people gather to praise and sing? Woman, why are you telling here?"

Like one in a dream she answered low: "Father, my days are workdays all,

I know not Sabbath, I dare not go Where the beautiful bells ring out and call,

For who would look to the priest and drink And tend the children and keep the place?

I pray in silence and try to think, For toil's too close to listen and give me grace."

The years passed on, and with fast and prayer The good priest cited to the house of rest,

And a tired woman stood waiting there, Her work on a hands to her bosom pressed,

"O what those blessed, mount thou on high," He heard the welcoming angels say,

When meekly, gently, she passed him by, Who had mended shoes on the Sabbath day.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Road to Yesterday.

Wilt some who man who has journeyed Over land and over sea

To the countries where the rainbow And the glorious sun are free

Kindly tell a little stranger, Who has oddly lost her way,

Where's the road that she must travel To return to Yesterday?

For, you see, she's unfamiliar With Today and cannot read

What its strange, mysterious signposts Tell of ways and where they lead,

And her heart is full of grief, Though she did not mean to stay,

When she fell asleep last evening And abandoned Yesterday.

For she left a deal neglected That she really should have done,

And she fears she's lost some favors That she fairly might have won,

So she'd like to turn her backward To retrieve them if she can,

Will not some one kindly tell her Where's the road to Yesterday?

—St. Nicholas.

To My Wife.

Here, then, today, with faith as sure, With ardor as intense and pure,

As when I met thee in the dawn of life, I took thy truth and pledged mine,

To thee, dear love, my second ring, A token and a pledge I bring.

With this I seal, I seal in part, Thy ripe virtues to my heart—

These virtues which, before untied, The wife has added to the bride.

These virtues whose progressive claim, Endearing wedlock's very name,

My soul enjoys, my heart approves For constancy's sake as well as love's.

For why? They teach me, hour by hour, Honor's high, though it be lonely power,

Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence, And teach me all things—love, repentance.

—Samuel Bishop.

To a Long Faced Query.

I'll hang deep epe on the door of my heart For the time, if you'll have it so,

And wrap me up in the cap and bells Until every inch spells woe.

Our converse will smother the funeral vault And the graveyard's grisly stone,

And I'll make myself, in a solemn way, A most infernal bore.

But where's the use? It's a queer old world, With not too much joy at the best,

And there's never a heart, if it is a heart, That's the worse for a holy jest.

Let the last day come ere it's sin to sing Or to joke's a capital crime.

As for me, I'd rather live shaking with fun Than with agony any time.

—Philadelphia Times.

Liberty.

The sensual and the dark rebel in vain, Slaves by their own compulsion. In mad game They hunt their manacles and wive's name

Of freedom graven on a heavier chain. O Liberty! with profitless endeavor Have I pursued thee many a weary hour,

But thou art sweetest the victor's strain, nor ever Didst breathe thy aid in forms of human power.

Alike from all, how'er they praise thee (Nor prayer nor honest names delay thee), Alike from priest's and happy millions And factions bid, bring'st obedient slaves,

Thou speedest on thy subtle pinto, The guide of homeless winds and playmate of the wave.

—Coleridge.

The Educated Farmer.

The educated farmer of today is placed at most beyond competition, while the lawyer, the mechanic and the doctor find talented competition on every corner. The scientific man's education enables him to make the most of the occult laws of nature governing farm life. By a knowledge of economic botany he is able to make the most of his soil and crops by a judicious selection of plants best adapted to his farm, both as regards soil and climate.—Science.

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